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One Sweetly Solemn Thought







One Sweetly Solemn Thought

✿ ✿ By Phœbe Cary ✿ ✿



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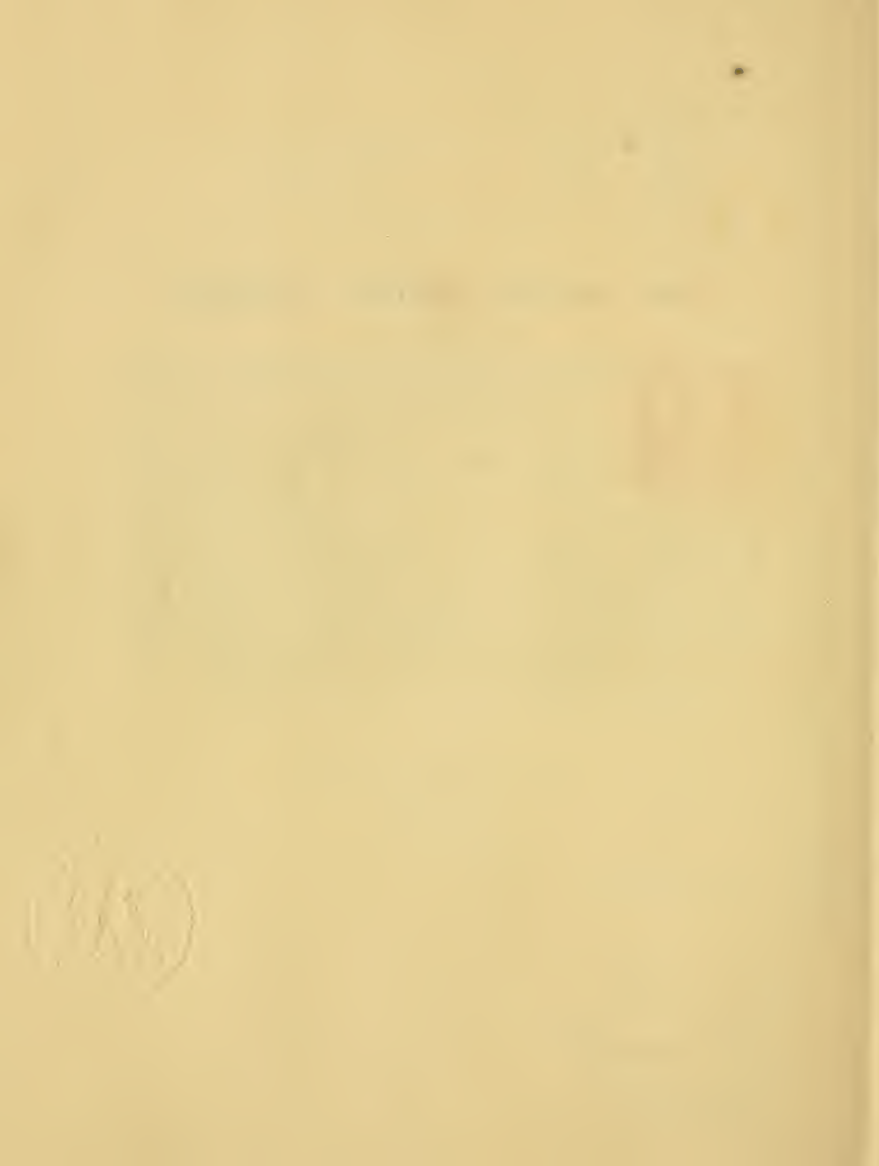
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One Sweetly Solemn Thought.




PHOEBE CARY and her sister Alice were both Universalists, but their hymns have been accepted by all denominations. Of the many written by them none has had the popularity and universal adoption of "Nearer Home," written by Phoebe when she was not yet eighteen years old. It has been translated into all languages, and it is said that the mere humming of the tune to which it is sung, in a gambling den in China, was sufficient to save one of the gamblers by recalling home associations. Phoebe died (in 1871) at the age of 47, of grief at the death of her sister.





One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er :
I am nearer home to-day
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.



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Nearer the bounds of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.


But lying darkly between,
Winding adown thro' the night,
Is the silent unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.





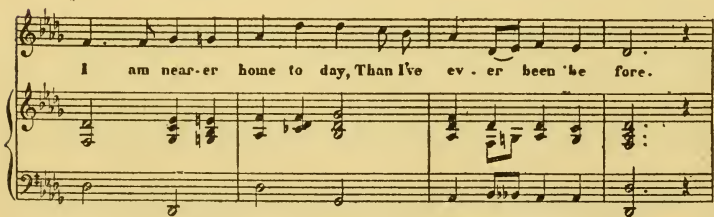
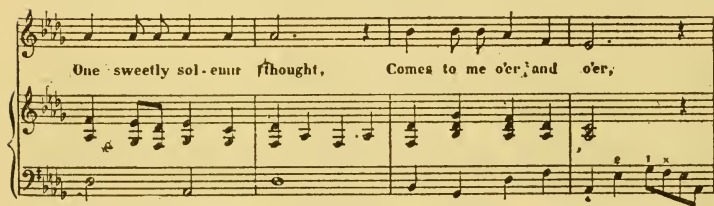
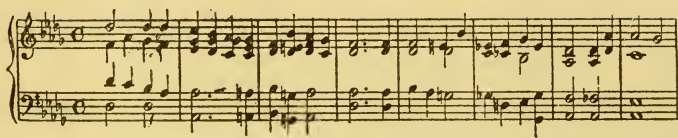


Father, be near when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
For it may be I am nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.





One Sweetly Solemn Thought



Near-er my Fa-thers house, Where the man-y mansions be,

Near-er the great white throne, . . . Near-er the crys-tal sea..

Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our burdens down,

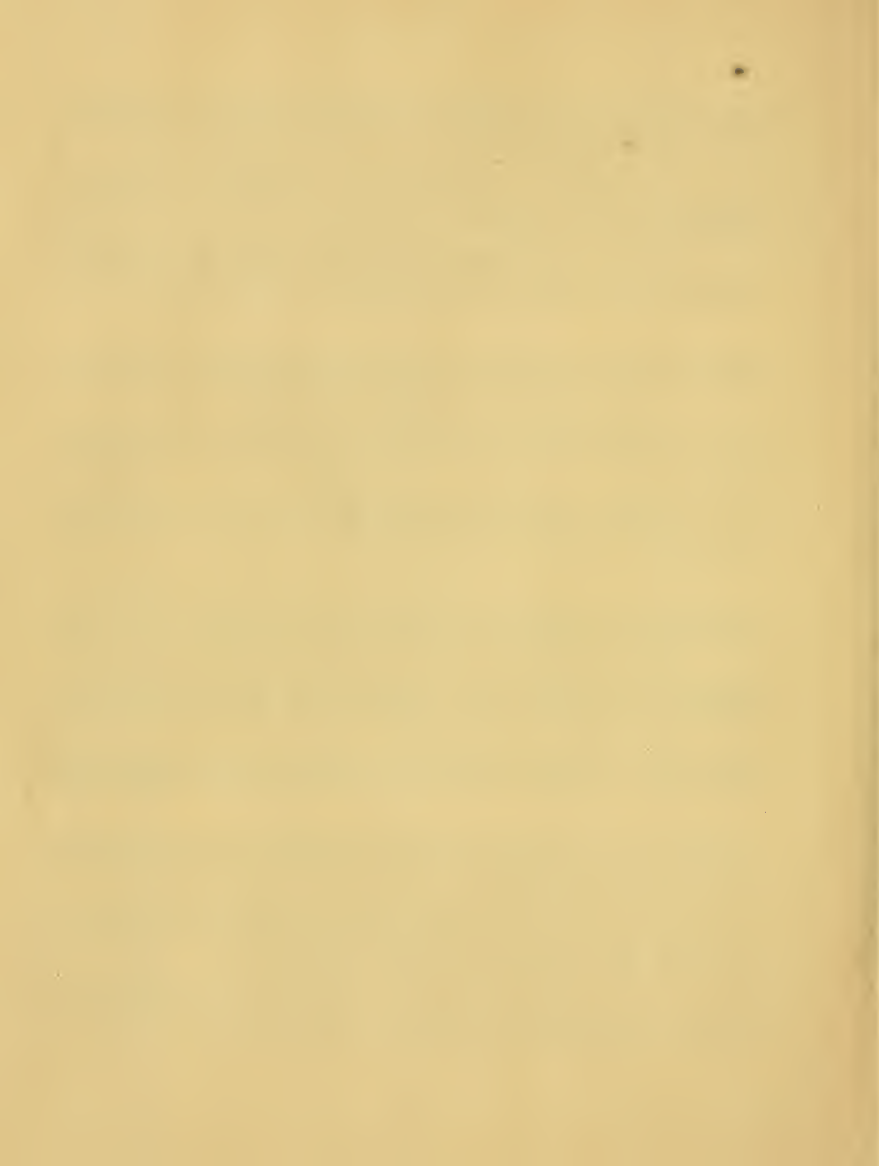
Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near-er gain-ing the crown.

But ly-ing darkly be - tween, . . . Winding adown thro' the night,

Is the si - lent, unknown stream, That leads at last to the light.

Fa - ther be near when my feet, Are slip-ping o'er the brink, For it

may be I am near - er home Near - er now than I think,





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